

THE AUTHOR.

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A N O D E .



# Genius Resistless:

A PINDARIC ODE,

IN TRIBUTE TO JENNER AND PASTEUR.

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## INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

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HAT gave Marcellus the greatest concern, relates Plutarch, "was the unhappy fate of Archimedes at the siege of Syracuse." So absorbed was the great mathematician in elaborating problems for the defense of the city, that he knew not that the city itself was taken and the army of the enemy in the midst of it, when a soldier demanded his surrender. His reply was, with a repulsive motion of the hand, "Hold until I have finished my problem!" The soldier, enraged, pierced him through the body with his weapon.\*

Now such mental absorption gathers and concentrates all the powers of the intellect, and it was such absorption of the mind that induced and enabled Jenner and Pasteur each to devote and spend a lifetime in developing their grand truths.

\* Carnochan's classic oration, 1861.

# GENIUS RESISTLESS:

A PINDARIC ODE.

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## PROLOGUE.

**M**ORE graceful tribute genius never paid  
To genius, nor from source more high and pure  
Than, in the world's great medical parade,  
Was justly paid to Jenner and Pastenr.

There 'mid high intellects in bright array—  
Which Art and Science both were proud to see—  
The noble Paget, in his manly way,  
Poured out his soul in lofty eulogy. -

This eloquent address,—which Time will find  
Echoing onward through the ages long.—  
An honor to its author's heart and mind.  
Inspired my humble tribute of a song.

## O D E.\*

## I.

Genius is mighty, even in its whims :  
These are but steps into the vestibule  
Of the grand shrine of inspiration ;  
Sippings around the rims  
Of the Castalian pool,  
Precedent to the great intoxication ;  
Flaws from the wind of prophecy ;  
Blossoms that fall from the aesthetic tree.  
Yet in them do we trace  
The spirit of artistic grace.  
The poet's and composer's Muse,  
The painter's and the scientist's, diffuse  
Their words, their notes, their hues ;  
Fancy, elated upon Ariel's wings,  
Floats in a scene of fair imaginings,  
Hears but sweet sounds and sees but beautiful things.

## II.

But when the impulses of pure desire  
To benefit mankind the thoughts inspire  
Of noble genius, then the soul of love—  
That lives in all, around, below, above,  
And in its incarnation proved the might  
Of mere unselfishness, its one delight—

\* I acknowledge, with thanks, my indebtedness to Doctors Gaillard, Billings and Christopher Johnson, for their eloquent and spirit-stirring reports of the proceedings of the International Medical Convention which held its sessions in London last spring.

Hastes, through this open door-way of the heart,  
 All of its wonderful powers to impart :  
 And Genius, strengthened by the immortal Will  
 Of doing good, breaks down all barriers 'till  
 Its purpose is achieved, its work is done.  
 And triumph for the cause of Love is won.  
 Then Art, in all departments of its state,  
 Seeks to do honor to the good and great.

Sculptors and painters both  
 His form perpetuate ;  
 The poet, nothing loth,  
 Close to the pure abodes,  
 Sings high Olympic odes  
 And pours his soul in melody along :  
 While grateful myriads swell  
 Aloft the triumph-song  
 Of him who, in the night  
 Of mere unselfishness and right,  
 Is irresistible.

### III.

Such were the deeds of genius wrought.  
 So self-devoted and so pure,  
 In the alembic of determined thought.  
 By Jenner and Pasteur.

### IV.

Now long ago  
 The Black-Death, direst demon of disease,  
 Drooped his dark wings, in progress sure though slow  
 Over the lands and seas.  
 Where'er he passed he left  
 Proof of his holocausts, the earth bereft



Of one-third of the human race.  
 And all was hid in mystery, no trace  
 To tell, even when his course was run,  
 The power by which his horrid work was done!  
 Then came the foul successor of this Dread,  
 The loathsome Small-Pox, whose mysterious tread  
 Was fearful in its stillness, as of yore  
 That which the Black-Death bore.  
 Then o'er the hopeless darkness of the past  
 A clear and cheering light was cast,  
 As bright and strong as hope in youth,  
 The hand of genius held the torch of truth;  
 And Jenner to the suffering nations showed  
 Where crafty Pestilence, that in gloom had trode,  
 O'erwhelmed in grim defeat,  
 Lay prostrate at his feet.  
 And then the spell he taught  
 Which breaks Contagion's power to nought—  
 "Vaccinia," the "Ope-Sesame" whose breath  
 Unbars the gates of death to death.  
 The nations, freed from terror, lived again;  
 Disease departed with its ghastly train;  
 Smiles came for tears  
 And joys for fears,  
 And life again had hopes and was not all in vain.

## V.

Then in the steps of Jenner came Pasteur,  
 As McIntosh in Newton's; he,  
 Not satisfied with facts alone, would be  
 Familiar with their theory,  
 And of their inmost *rationale* sure.  
 Into the hidden world where live  
 All things the most diminutive,

Where all material causes dwell  
In secret and invisible,  
His daring way to ope  
He used as sword the microscope.  
When in those mystic realms he used his sight,  
By genius's electric light,  
All natures inmost secrets were disclosed,  
And to his physical sight exposed  
The slightest movements in earth, water, air,  
And the minutest things abiding there,  
The brave Pasteur—  
How must his heart have thrilled!—  
Was as a voyager  
In regions new with beautiful wonders filled,  
Surpassing all before  
In real life or fairy lore,  
Sinbad the Sailor in the Vale of Gems,  
And Allahdeen in the magician's cave—  
Where crowded on the mystic forest's stems  
Were treasures of the land and wave,  
Diamonds and rubies, sapphires, emeralds, pearls,  
Brighter than ever sparkled in the curls  
Of beautiful girls,  
Or shine in monarchs' diadems—  
Never such precious, priceless wonders saw  
As great Pasteur beheld—with awe,  
Yet with a calm and concentrated mind  
Fixed on his aim—a blessing for mankind,  
With more than the magician's ease,  
He summoned Chemistry and its kindred arts—  
Slaves of the Lamp of Science these—  
Analyzed Small-Pox even in all its parts  
Tracing its death drops to their hidden rills,  
Exposing, too, a nest  
Of other vile contagious ills:

Diphtheria, Pulmonalis, stern Typhoid—

Other malaria; but I avoid—

So numerous are they,—to proclaim the rest.

All these he conquered—the majestic soul!—

And held them under his benign control.

And, in his search for these,

He drove the Harpies of disease

From many loathsome feasts

On health of harmless birds and beasts.

And—great discoverer!—

We from his teachings may infer

That, 'mid researches in the realms of mind

And 'mid unyielding strife

Against Disease's might,

Of oft smiled on him—his guide afar—the light

Of the eternal Sun of Universal Life.

## VI.

The Great Germ Theory, which Pasteur proved

To be a bright and lovely truth, has moved

Science in all departments, for it shows

That there is life in all, the smallest, things.

And many a lofty intellect now glows

Along the path of progress for a place

Among the foremost in the noble race.

And mind, unfolding far its wings,

Flies over lands and seas

For new discoveries.

And Medicine, till lately laggard, stands

Brightest among the foremost bands

On Science's proud stage,

In the full sun-burst of this wondrous age.

Yet, while her records shall endure,

Though many a great and glorious name  
Be added to her lists of fame,  
Upon that scroll sublime,  
And eminent through time,  
Shall shine the names of Jenner and Pasteur.



### EPILOGUE.

Oh! if the law that governs every land  
Enforced the rule that Genius holds as right,  
The work of Jenner and Pasteur would stand  
In all its majesty and all its might.  
What forms now doomed to death would live!  
What rest would mind and heart receive!  
No longer terror and despair  
Would darken, like the clouds, the air;  
Nor life be fearful lest the breath,  
Which health requires, should teem with death.  
Diseases, like mad serpents foes to joy,  
With their own poisons would themselves destroy;  
And foul Contagion haste to hide its head,  
Where it arose, in fell Gehenna's shade.  
Then would each lovely Christian Grace,  
Faith, Hope and Charity, embrace  
The Arts and Sciences, and all unite,  
With holy thoughts and feeling pure,  
To sing their songs of love and light  
In praise of Jenner and Pasteur.